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Memorial Day Oration

MAY 30, 1913

DELIVERED BY

JAMES SHERA MONTGOMERY, D. D.

(PASTOR METROPOLITAN M. E. CHURCH)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

AT

ARLINGTON CEMETERY, VA.

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FOREWORD.

"O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of her smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare!
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee?
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

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MEMORIAL DAY

Oration Delivered by James Shera Montgomery, D. D., Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C., May 30, 1913.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow Countrymen:

As we assemble in this sacred and historic cemetery this afternoon, we are moved by feelings of both joy and sadness —joy for the living and sorrow for the dead. Yet there are mingled with the tranquil confluence a deep gratitude which stretches out toward God and an assurance which claims the future as our own. If we had not schooled ourselves to think no great evil against our fellowmen, the sweet and holy influence of this place would surely steal into our souls, and suspicion, anger and combativeness would droop and die. Sorrow and joy, discomfort and comfort, restlessness and rest, the pain and the balm speak with subdued tones throughout this heaven-blest grove to-day. This place is full of beauty to the heart that is full of love. The outlook, going up the terraced hillsides and wandering in gardens whose flowers might well adorn the pathways of paradise, makes melody in all hearts. The Holy Land is not alone along the shore-lines of the blue Galilee. Lift your eyes and behold this enchanting picture written in poetry and pathos, as beautiful Arlington communes with the spirit world. The majestic trees minister unto us; their green and sun-lit tops are making earth's appeal to Heaven while they temper our nerves and soothe our hearts. Holy are the thoughts which the mind flings out, as it scans the white sentinels of the heroic dead, lifting their brows clear to the margin of the billowy field. Here lie youth

and health, life and love for duty, and much of our mortal greatness in military achievement on land and sea. In consequence of their imperishable services to the cause of the imperialism of humanity, our country to-day yields harvests rich and abundant of universal good-will and brotherhood, quickened into nobleness by tears.

Around about this place, on these ever green slopes, beneath these graceful bowers, with his happy family, and friends of distinction and high renown, used to come and go the Defender of southern Chivalry. We stay our word, "lest we forget," but may all be christened by the Spirit made radiant by the One "who spake as never man spake"; may all be transfigured and may God mellow all hearts and hallow all lives throughout the undying and eternal years.

We lift our eyes from the brow of earth, away from these solitudes, and we behold the fullness of life, the big prospect of an ultimate triumph, our own Capital City. Here in the tumult of human nature, in the discipline of contest, in the great university of life, she challenges both intellect and heart and ministers to the country and the world. God bless her! May her gates ever be open to allow all their fullest inheritance, and on her breast may there ever live a government, just and humane, God-fearing and man-serving, borne of righteousness, and wearing the crown jewels of the Father of us all.

A rich sentiment has set apart this day. Throughout our broad land the people have gathered from city, hamlet and country to pay grateful and loyal tributes to our Nation's dead. The closed school, the shut shop, the suspended labors, the children of our public and parochial schools, the banners unfurled, the strains of patriotic music—all testify that we are a people who love our country, and that Freedom's flag still lives in the very granite of the American heart. To-day a Nation, undergirdled by the best blood of the old world, and over-arched by a holy Providence, gives reverent gratitude to Almighty God and adjourns to the grass-bedded earth whose bowels hold the tombs that treasure the dust of those who preserved us a Nation. Since the day they gave themselves

to the cause of the Union, that awful Rebellion has smoothed its angry brow, many springtimes have called into new life this green-carpeted valley and hillside. The trunnel-beds of our country have given another generation of defenders. May these stalwart sons ever have as their pole-star that Heaven-inspired conviction that not only African slavery, but no oppression whatever shall ever harmonize with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

National Origin.

Our origin it without parallel. This Republic is the offspring of a mighty renaissance. It was an intellectual declaration, quickly followed by a religious edict, that turned to the New World for its life. These sons of England, Holland and France had in their brains and hearts the fruits of the world's best civilization. Under their guidance the muse of history turned a new page to record the new and most wonderful development. What is the world to expect from such a beginning? Those giants carried millenniums in their breasts and republics in their brains, and this fiber did they mold into our national existence, and the decades of the years have demonstrated their genius and wisdom.

The Rebellion.

The War! The War! Shall we recall its animosities? No! May the bitter enmities and the hot antagonisms of the fiercest conflict that ever swept across the breast of any nation be forgotten, and may we cherish with the better angels of our natures "malice toward none and charity to all"—with the will of God and the conscience of the Republic as our guide and inspiration. Rather let this day arrest the whole country in its commercial march and learn anew how great the scope and how terrible the character of that war. May these emphasize our form of government, the safeguard of popular sovereignty, the protection of the rights of citizens and the

promotion of the general welfare of our Nation, and how appalling the cost of the privileges and the opportunities of our united country.

The statistician tells us that there were 2,731 battles. The slain of the Union Army on battlefield were: Officers, 5,221; enlisted men, 90,868; died of disease, 183,287; a grand total of 279,376. The killed, wounded and captured, including both the American and British armies, during the War of the Revolution, were about 22,000 men. The loss to either the Union or Confederate army at Gettysburg or the Wilderness exceeded this number. From the discovery of America to the Rebellion, the slain in battle in our country, in all our wars, were less than the combined death returns of the two armies at Shiloh. At Racour (1746) the lost was two and one-half per cent of those engaged; at Lignitz (1760) Frederick the Great lost six and one-half per cent; at Wagram (1809), where the intrepid McDonald, under the Emperor's eye, charged the Austrian center, the lost was scarcely five per cent; at Austerlitz—the battle of the three emperors—with its "sun of promise," where Napoleon prevailed against the combined Russian despotism and Austrian tyranny, his loss reached only about fifteen per cent; at Waterloo, where set Napoleon's star, the Iron Duke Wellington lost about twelve per cent. Gettysburg, the turning point of the War, where the thoughtful Meade wrung victory from a brave and a chivalrous foe that battled for another destiny, and the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, where death was like a monster from hell, each shows losses above thirty per cent. This is enough! Here was the spirit of the Cavalier and the fidelity of Cromwell's ironsides battling for supremacy. It is now too late to say what ought to have been done, or what might have been done, but let this be said: We cannot measure the gallantry of our heroes on this, our Nation's funeral day—it is written on the page of history in letters of divine illumination—for it is inestimable by any standard that we possess. Even the rarest gift of eloquence cannot compass the task. The fillets that once set upon their youthful brows have long

ago blossomed into enduring fame, and it remains for some bard, inspired by the majesty of his theme, to unite their deeds to immortal verse and song, and both shall become immortal.

Patriotism.

The power of patriotism. It is the passion which prompts the citizen to serve his country in the hour of invasion, or in upholding the institutions which safeguard all that is dear to a free-born people. Herein root those civic virtues and national pride which bind him to the fortunes and the destinies of his country. Our Country! What is meant by "Our Country—our home, our birthright, our liberties—and from these breasts leap skyward the fire of patriotism. No victory for liberty or humanity was ever won except first inspired by the power of patriotism. The barricades of wrong, injustice and oppression have been torn down by its irresistible force. It animated the Declaration of Independence and inspired the renowned document of the Emancipation Proclamation; it waved the flag of revolution from Bunker Hill, and marked the snows of Valley Forge; it held the broken line at Shiloh and climbed the flame-swept and shot-torn hill at Chattanooga, and even burst the clouds on Lookout Mountain; it held the withered arm of Barbara Fritchie and aimed the rifle of John Burns at Gettysburg; it marked the drum-beats of Sherman to the sea, and inspired the dashing Sheridan down the Valley of the Shenandoah, and at the last it found a slave and set him free. The resistless might of American patriotism will direct every citizen under the folds of the Stars and Stripes and vouchsafe to all the privileges and honor of this Republic. The people rule and will have their way.

The World's Commoner.

Great men are the heritage of a nation and they belong to no one generation; they are the sons of men; they mark the progress of the world. To them God reveals his will and

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makes known His purposes. In every crisis some great one becomes the bumper on the car of progress. In every national emergency the divine One has had a man in readiness. When the crisis of the Revolution was upon the thirteen colonies, Washington was called; when financial disaster was threatening the new-borne Republic, Hamilton was summoned; when the public mind was to be supported and instructed in the Constitution, Webster was at hand; when the very sleepers of our national organism were giving way, and a single brain was needed to carry the vast campaigns of mighty armies, then Grant was put to the front; so on that momentous day in March, 1861, God had a man ready. The kind of a man needed? He must be a man who could hush to peace the troubled waters that were seething on the horizon of the northern sky; a man whose heights of thought were simply the hilltops of the common heart; a man whose single word could call forth great armies, and, if need be, court death as children go to a festival; a man who could calm fears and soothe the distracted and tempestuous Republic, renew its flagging spirit and refresh its starving soul; a man whose character was as the North Star, and whose conscience was the pilot of his reason; a man whose broad philanthropy would steal over all sections of the Union with its revealing benedictions; a man whose loftiness of patriotism would fall upon the ears of the reluctant and the stupid and summon them to a higher plane; a man who could bear the strain of heartless criticism and count himself an imperfect product of the Infinite God and who must pay the penalty of progress; a man who could steady the "Ship of State"; a man who could stand on the Constitution and find therein laws adequate to our needs and inspiring to our hopes; a man who loved his country more than life and with clear judgment; a man who trusted the people, and, above all, a man who believed that he was the Aaron's rod in the divine hand of an Infinite purpose—that man was Abraham Lincoln. This mighty soul touched the Kentucky cabin and took away its curse; he touched poverty and blessed it with a beautiful

humility; he touched three books and turned them into master's tools. Yes, mighty soul! Its music ended on the same minor note on which it began. Falling, yet smiling through tears, he was slain on the only day of his heart's ease. Who was the light about old Sinai and guided the footfall of the wise men on to Bethlehem? Where did blind Milton get his vision, and Handel his genius? Who keyed the lyre of Scotland's bard, and sweetened the soul of Ruskin in his affliction? God was with them. So he was with this man Lincoln. But it all presents a puzzle in many ways, unless we say with one breath that while he came long after Mary's Child, yet both were heroes, both were martyrs, both were saviours, and one God their Father.

The Present-Day Message.

What are the lessons of this day? Standing among the tombs and the mounds of Arlington, let us renew our fidelity to the cause of free government, to the end that these lives shall not have been lost in vain. We are citizens of the United States, and this hour we are one with a deeper sympathy, a grander brotherhood and a diviner ministry than ever before. Our beloved country! Time, ever the challenged test of worth, has passed judgment upon her. She has journied a century and a quarter. How noble to-day her mein! How majestic her onward march! Behold her and ask, How shall we perpetuate her honor and glory? The commemoration of this day would be thoroughly incomplete without great emphasis placed on present duty. The American Republic is a subject which embraces the very globe itself, even as the American soldier was not only the soldier for his country, but was the soldier of civilization. The highest significance of this day is a message to the living. It is ordained not alone that we might honor the heroic dead, but that we who are living might be inspired to loftier purposes; that their example might teach us the duty and the glory of sacrifice and service. A country that is worth dying for is worth living for. Let us to-day feel a patriotism that is calm and thoughtful,

rather than emotional; a patriotism that not only responds to the old flag, but believes in right and justice. In the order of a divine Providence this country has been chosen to be the exemplar of human liberty—the priest at the altar of justice and truth—and we are the stewards of these for the benefit of the races of men.

The Sovereignty of the People.

In perpetuating our heritage we must understand that there can be no genuine National unity unless in the breasts of our citizens there is the deep sense of mutual concern and co-operation. If we are to have fellowship with the people, we must be a fellow in the same ship. He needs direction, but he scorns repression. The primary tenet of democracy is that the people can be trusted and are altogether capable of directing problems of National necessity, of policy and of destiny in the interest of the common good. If this is not true, and we do not believe in the people, and the masses are not to be trusted, then mass the troops, sow the land with military barracks, and get ready to hold down the yoke upon the necks of millions, for, remember, we must either believe in democracy and go its full length, or give it up. The present-day duty of every citizen is to crucify his cynicism and renew his faith and allegiance to this great fundamental on which this Nation must ever rest for its glory and its perpetuity. The first and the last remedy for the weakness of democracy, as we have been interpreting it, is more democracy. Never be afraid of the man with the dinner pail. He does not belong to a party, but a party belongs to him. The ship never comes in to the loafer. What an increased assurance would flood the land to-day if the spirit of brotherhood, good-will, fellowship and trust would beat and throb until they would echo to the remotest border lines of the Union! The might of these are infinitely more than the might of steel to hold together the people in the bonds of a democratic National life. We must not make phrases; we are not juggling. The directive work of government must be done by the few—the sagacious few,

the balanced few, the trusted few. If this is aristocratic, it is nevertheless sane. In public administration the individual counts, and he must fit his task, but he must not be a Bourbon. Democracy demands the voice and the judgment of the many; they must be identified with the great big decisions of policy. Everybody knows more than anybody. While the issues are defined by the few, the great fundamental questions—questions related to the common welfare—questions which touch the door-yard of every man—must be submitted to the people. May we build up man fit for institutions, rather than institutions fit for man.

If we have faith in democracy to the extent of conceiving it as being a mutual co-operation between the man and the mass, between the efficient few and the many, then the marvelous and unlimited possibilities of popular government are secure. Its stability will remain as long as every citizen feels that he is a plus quantity and society needs the contribution that he makes. Oh, that our land might be baptized with the religion of good-will—a religion of co-operation—a religion of mutual helpfulness—a religion that runs along the whole human line—a religion of mutual trust—a religion of the new humanity! When the Constitution was being founded and debates were hot and serious, democracy and aristocracy were the burning issues. Quaint Fisher Ames said: "Monarchy is like a sailing vessel—like a merchantman. It sails fast, but every now and then it strikes a rock and goes to the bottom. Democracy is like a raft. It can never sink, but your feet are sometimes in the water." Here is put picturesquely and in a homely figure the philosophy of the man and the mass.

Let high joy and solemn pride be exercised to-day because of our faith in popular government. While the Republic is made up of more than twoscore units, yet it is a gigantic integer. We are many states, but one Nation. Political parties have come and gone, yet there is one patriotism. There are numerous forms of religion—the Jewish and the Christian, the Catholic and the Protestant—yet to-day in each breast there is one love to God the Father of us all, and one

love to man, wherever he may be found. All the nationalities of the great globe are represented in this great country, and may we now and always be Americans. May we not build our country into ourselves, but build ourselves into our country. Let us have faith from the very depths of our American hearts in our institutions; let us have faith in our mission and destiny; let us have faith in the conscience and the judgment of the American people; let us have faith, and may our prayers ascend to Heaven's heights, that we shall be free from the lust that covets; let us have faith that National righteousness shall be the magnetic needle by which the grand old "Ship of State" is to sail her course; let us have faith in our leaders and lawmakers, and may they be weaponed in an armor of personal integrity whose armor-plate no shells of sordid greed can break.

The Constitution.

The Constitution of the United States—the greatest document that ever emanated from the brains of the founders of government—safeguards popular sovereignty. Our government is representative. The tenure of office is so brief that executives and officials could not nullify the will of the people even were they so inclined. Thus the ends of good government, the destiny of our institutions, are in the hands of the people. Time has demonstrated the wisdom of our fathers and proves how providentially they were guided. They have passed down to us a form of government which maintains the right and the sanctity of the people to rule, and, withal, which is abidingly strong in preserving National unity, securing social order, and forever makes sacred the will and the testament of the individual citizen. Yet new conditions arise. Nations cannot, yea, must not, stand still, any more than the individual. When a tree ceases to grow, it begins to die; when a rock stops growing by the processes of accretion, it begins to crumble away. So in government, it cannot be an absolutely fixed quantity. Many new and perplexing prob-

lems have risen since the days of the Constitutional Convention. If in the solution of these there is demanded that which is unconstitutional, then alter the Constitution. The last sevenscore years have brought marvelous changes, and the changes to come will even be more wonderful. If faith and loyalty to the Constitution are to abide, then it must represent the deepest convictions of our citizens. This being true, the Constitution must not forever remain, in its every declaration, a fixed document, but an expanding, growing quantity to measure up to the needs and demands of our growing civilization.

International Peace.

While our citizens cherish with patriotic fervor our National independence, yet what should be our attitude toward other nations? What spirit should we exercise toward other peoples? What relations should we sustain with them? These questions should be considered in the spirit of love to country, of high appreciation of our race, and of a holy sense of responsibility to God the Father of Nations. Our country is fortunate in its situation. The geographical position of the United States makes it easy for us to attend to our own business, develop our own resources, without any serious complications or entanglements from without. Providentially, we are so placed that we can, without suspicion, become the leader in an international beneficent movement. Our very isolation is our moral strength. Again, as a Christian Nation, what should be our position on all questions whose proper solution means the blessings to the peoples of earth? May there not be one false note in our claim to the word "Christian," and may there not be gathered another single glory leaf to bind to the wreath of our martial spirit. The glory of our country is not the closed door of a fortress, but the open door of the cottage.

In the past victories have been won in the cauldron of war for the people, and yet in it have seethed all the hot passions of man. Marathon made Europe Greek, and not Asiatic;

Tours made Europe Christian, and not Mohammedan; Nasby and Dunbar scattered the shackles from the English people; Quebec made America Saxon; Saratoga and Yorktown made this land American, and not British, and Gettysburg proved that "a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the sublime proposition that all men are equal cannot die." Justifiable as marshal prowess may have been in the past, and as invincible the proof of its necessity may be, yet we turn aside from these. Christian ethics teach us that Columbia, the home of the generous, brave, intrepid freemen of the world, should be the foremost to recognize the obligation, the responsibility, the humanitarianism of the permanent establishment of a Court of International Arbitration. From our present mount of strength and stability may we not turn with quiet confidence and serene faith, with an enlightened vision, to the future and see the onward march of our civilization stretching its power and influence for humanity beyond the confines of our own territory—on and on, until it has risen to the full grandeur of its stature across the waters of all oceans and all seas, until people everywhere shall be moved by a sublime conviction and a common purpose to adopt that divine precept which fell from the holy lips of "the Son of Man": "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that man should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Out of every dollar appropriated by Congress about sixty-seven cents goes to pay for wars, past, present and future. The United States Commissioner of Education, about a year ago, said: "It would be possible with war expenditures to build a great National University with a yearly income of $10,000,000; give each State in the Union a new University, twenty-five High Schools, five Normal Schools, five Technical Schools, twenty Agricultural Colleges, and have an additional million for the Public School Fund of each State."

There arise before me the outlines of a vision of old Israel's inspired prophet. The language is as sure as it is bold, and as bold as it is sure, of that hour when swords shall be turned into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks. It is a mes-

sage to the brain, the brawn and the heart of America's great people, that a Republic conceived in the holiest breasts of the old world and born from the loins of our renowned grandsires must stand as the Apostle of Peace and be the messenger of Him who is "The Prince of Peace." This is our trust for civilization. May our flag ever live and float for "Peace on earth and good-will toward men." In the space between our country's ideal and our country lies our opportunity.

The world is looking to-day in contemplation on one of the most significant scenes in the history of her great drama. Not upon a brazen sea with drawn shields, hiding the hearts of invaders and oppressors, nor does its gaze fall upon a forest of plumes waving over the brows of swarthy warriors, but in this vision great souls are seeing palms waving and glistening in Heaven's golden sunlight, waiting for the gates of the earthly Jerusalem to swing open. Another conqueror is knocking for entrance, another sovereign is claiming her throne. The queen who now stands hailing the dogs of war, bidding them crawl and lick the hands of conquerors and conquered, bears no sword in her hand; no legions are marching at the blast of bugles, no chariots are ladened with the spoils of war, no weeping captives are in her train, rending the air with heartrending lamentations. Above her the grim war-clouds are being chased by the radiance coming from her holy brow, and again are seen the receding skies in their serenity. About her are the exultant peoples, strewing her image with the rarest of undying flowers. Her name is Peace. All hail! All hail!!

A Plea for Reverence.

Our Nation's weakness is irreverence. A foreign observer has said that unless this national weakness is corrected, we are facing a Niagara of destruction. One metropolitan daily caricatures an ex-President in the figure of a hog, and then the public conscience is jarred because we have killed three Presidents in one generation! The lad refers to his father as the "old man," and to his mother as my "washerwoman." The street-car window-sills are marked with the initials of the

youthful vandal, and on the backs of the church pews are the prints of his shoenails. He calls his college professor "the guy," and the simple-minded soul, who, with sober majesty, is ready for Heaven, "old baldy." Law, authority, Church and State alike are the objects of his scoff as he pampers the relish of his own vanity. Many an American youth is thus sinning against his God, himself and his country. A nation cannot long survive that does not reverence its God, His Bible and all those high standards that make for the highest order of citizenship. National character, without reverence for law, authority, station and for man, is like the air without oxygen, the sea without salt, and a fireside without a mother's purity. The whole image of our national life is defaced and impoverished to the point where the whole fabric of worth and stability is sometimes threatened. May the school and the fireside exalt the spirit of reverence and more and more influence the young life by driving out of their veins this scrofula of ridicule which is so generously indulged in as a happy pastime. As a people may we exalt reverence for those institutions which are the bulwarks of our strength and perpetuity. Herein is the prime energy by which this Nation shall continue to live for the glory of God and the good of man.

The Patriotism of Peace.

Since that day on which the mighty armies of the Blue and Gray were dissolved another generation has been born and is now pursuing the industries of peace. On this Memorial Day the heroism of the American soldier should teach this manhood and womanhood the patriotism of peace. They should arise to a new consciousness of social obligation and civic duty. We face great responsibilities, and may it be asked, "Where is now thy God?" Our God is not of gold nor silver. There is always present with us a higher mission than to be the richest. Stay your minds here and own that national greatnes is not material, but intelligence, integrity, respect for law, generous philanthropy and loyalty to the fundamentals of the Holy Bible.

Civic duty is with us. The burdens of the city are tremendous. Here are the breakers of human beings surging 'round with their polyglot speech, foreign tongues, with their strange ideas of privilege and liberty. Here is the burden of poverty, the burden of ignorance, the burden of sin unspeakable. We hear the voices of these monstrous burdens. The call to service falls upon us from the tops of the topless Heaven. Thrust yourselves into these problems. Politics, you say? Politics never hurts character; it is the lack of character that hurts politics. The menace to the city is not the muckraker, but the muckmaker. Oh, the vice! We feel the sense of something fearful whirling about us, as though the very earth was chattering her teeth. May the public conscience of this land be aroused until her choicest offerings shall be cast at the altar of civic devotion.

The Union Soldier.

The Union soldier, known and unknown, thy work is done. History assigns to him the place he deserves. How well done history records. The voices, low at the fireside and strong in battle, are hushed. The breasts which never turned from the foe are fallen. The stir of events can never break their repose; nor call of duty, nor sob of grief move their great hearts again. But as long as sorrow, hope or love shall fill the hearts of men, so long shall their memory live. Sleep on, heroic dead of Arlington, sleep on; heedless alike of these sweet flowers or the music of birds; unmindful of change, insensible to the words of praise. Pillowed in the bosom of earth, undisturbed be thy rest. Long after this oak-encircled mausoleum shall have passed away, the living will still be true to the country for which you fought and hope and pray for her highest good.

The Flag.

On Prospect Hill, the strongest fortification of our army during the siege of Boston, January 1, 1776, the day on which

the new Continental Army was formed, the flag was unfurled for the first time. In December, 1777, Paul Jones, on "The Ranger," cast anchor in a French port, and at this time the American flag received the first salute paid it by a foreign nation. How much blood that flag has caused since! Fellow citizens, ever honor it. Its cost is above rubies. Wherever it waves, at home or abroad, it commands respect. The flag! The flag!! Emblem of fraternity, equality and liberty! How dear the old flag is to us to-day! The red represents the blood of our heroes; the stars shining on its background of blue represent the States now and forever united. Oh, flag, thy truth was not first proclaimed on Atlantic's borders, but on the shores of old Galilee. Thy lessons were not born on this soil, but on that far-away soil without the gates of old Jerusalem, reddened by the Redemer's blood. Thy voice was not first proclaimed when the peals of the old liberty bell first filled the land, but it was first heard at the moment the morning stars sang together. Oh, beauteous folds! Flag of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Logan and Grant, wave on! Wave on! The right is thine! Wave on, speaking the voice of this young Republic on this side of the Atlantic and the honor and glory of the Union soldier everywhere! Wave on, securing to all citizens the joys and the privileges of our institutions! Wave on, until all men shall have bread enough and to spare! Wave on, until all human temples wear the crown jewels! Wave on, until every brow is pressed with a regal crown! Wave on, until all hands are sceptered and until the legions which fight to destroy shall be forever unable to cope with the country which saves! Wave on, until all governments shall become humane! Wave on! Wave on! Over land and over sea! Oh, stars of heaven's light! Oh, bars of heaven's white! Oh, crimson of our Nation's sacrifice! Wave on! Wave on! Until the peoples of the wide, wide earth are blessed now and forever with the angel's song, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men!"

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"He speaks not well who doth his time deplore,
Naming it new, little and obscure,
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.
All times were modern in the times of them,
And this no more than others. Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing long back to this far-looming hour,
Say: 'Then the time when men were truly men;
Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
Of new conditions; conquering civic wrong;
Saving the State anew by virtuous lives;
Guarding the country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's and their sons.'"

—*Gilder.*

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